

The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 33.—No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE long-expected, oft-announced, incessantly-rehearsed opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, has at last been produced at the Grand-Opéra. Its production was attended with considerable success—a success attributable to four causes, which I place in order of merit: 1st, The admirable manner in which the music was interpreted by Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli and most of the other artists; 2nd, the *mise-en-scène*, which left nothing to be desired; 3rd, the inherent interest of the subject of the libretto; 4th, the music which Sig. Verdi has composed to illustrate that subject. Beginning at the fourth clause, Sig. Verdi, in my opinion, has written no work containing more beauties or greater defects; *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* resembles a mosaic, in which two artists of unequal merit have been employed. A *morceau* of elegant design and admirable execution is interwoven with another, coarse in conception and deficient in finish; want of harmony consequently pervades the whole, and the very beauties themselves mar the perfect success of the work, by bringing more prominently into notice the deficiencies to which they are allied. At times, the music is graceful, elegant, and sweet, suited to the situation it illustrates, dramatic in character, and admirable both in design and execution. But scarcely has the public expressed its approbation, and the hum of applause barely ceased, ere your ears are dinned with some stunning chorus shouted in unison, some air taxing the capabilities of the most stentorian lungs; or your sense of musical and dramatic propriety is outraged by music altogether alien to the situation, and unsuited to the scene. The second act of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* is probably the best which Signor Verdi has yet composed. It is full of beauties, and contains little to criticise. When the curtain fell at its conclusion there was a general shout through the house for the composer, who was led on to the stage by Mdle. Cruvelli; where he received the ovation which he had justly merited. *O! si sic omnes!* In the very next act occurs the most important and dramatic situation of the opera. An entry of conspirators, an attempt to assassinate the governor, a separation between two lovers, and a father's preservation by his son, have supplied Signor Verdi with no better inspiration than a worn-out polka worthy of M. Alary, and ludicrously discordant with dramatic exigencies and propriety. Although Signor Verdi has achieved success, he has made no advance in his art, but, on the contrary, has produced a work which, as a whole, is unquestionably inferior to *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*. I will now proceed from generalities to details, and, as M. Scribe has, in a note at the head of his "*livret*" declared that "the general massacre known under the name of the 'Sicilian Vespers' never took place"—an assertion leading one to suppose that M. Scribe places historical truth on a level with that of his own fictions—I will give a short account of the Sicilian Vespers which form the subject of the present opera.

It was in the year of grace 1282 that these events occurred, which constitute one of the most tragical episodes in the world's history. Charles of Anjou had delivered the island of Sicily into the keeping of governors, whose cruelty and rapacity were inhuman even in those dark ages. The people were ground down by taxes and imposts, barbarously beaten, deprived of their wives and daughters by the lust of a brutal soldiery, and confined in dungeons such as still exist in the island, for the im-

murement of those who have offended King Bomba. The nobles were humiliated and disgraced, their daughters deprived of their wealth and confined in convents, when they refused to marry some chosen one among the governor's needy adventurers, while the executioner found constant employment in branding, maiming, torturing, and murdering those who proved refractory, or revolted against the tyranny to which they were subjected.

The entire population groaned under the yoke imposed on them, and thirsted for vengeance. On the afternoon of Easter Tuesday, the 31st of March, 1282, the people repaired to vespers at the church of the Saint Esprit, about a mile from Palermo, to celebrate the third day of Easter. The church was filled to overflowing, and those who were excluded from its walls formed themselves into groups on the adjacent grass or in the neighbouring gardens. "Mirth and youthful jollity" everywhere prevailed, and dancing and singing were the order of the day. A few of the French soldiers constituting the garrison joined the various groups, and ere long took their accustomed liberties with the fair dancers, whose lips they pressed and whose waists they encircled in that free and easy manner so natural to the Gauls, but so likely to lead to "explanations" when the owner of the pressed lips or encircled waist revolts against such familiarity. Accordingly, a murmur passed through the group of Palermitan bystanders, whereon the soldiers added jeering to insult. Stones were thrown, and, on the troops defending themselves, knives, daggers, and hatchets were soon brought into play. A scene of terrible carnage then commenced, with shouts of "Death to the French." The butchery, once begun, was continued for the space of a whole month, and during that period a number of Frenchmen were put to death, by some historians estimated at 20,000, by none at less than 10,000. John of Procida was among the most active leaders in this revolt, and his name and exploits, forming the theme of many a poem and romance, have now been celebrated by MM. Scribe and Verdi in the opera of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

The curtain rises on a scene representing the great square of Palermo, with French officers and soldiers drinking and singing in chorus. Presently the Duchess Hélène (Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli), sister of the late Duke Frederick of Austria, crosses the stage with her attendants, returning from church. The duchess is detained as a hostage at Palermo, and laments her brother murdered by the Governor. The soldiers demand a song to enliven them, and Hélène—like Marcel in the *Huguenots*—at once complies with their request. She accordingly sings a cavatina replete with life, energy, and movement, stirring the blood in the veins of her Sicilian hearers, who with loud shouts repeat the refrain, and draw their daggers to attack the French. There is but one opinion as to the manner in which Mdle. Cruvelli delivered this air, and all critics, whether friendly, hostile, or neuter, have united to sound her praises. Just as the fray is about to commence, Guy de Montfort, Governor of Sicily (M. Bonnehée), appears, and his dreaded presence at once calms the excitement.

No man dares speak save one, and that man is Henri (M. Gueymard), a young Sicilian, the natural son of the Governor by a native of the island, whom he has seduced and abandoned some twenty years before. This youth is unacquainted with the secret of his birth or the name of his father, and has joined John of Procida (M. Obin) in his conspiracy against the French domination. He is beloved by Hélène, who is in equal ignorance of

his paternity. He braves the Governor, who dismisses Hélène and all the bystanders. "Serve in the French camp," says the Governor, who dearly loves his unacknowledged son; "it is your only chance of safety." "I will not." "You refuse; then death must be your fate." "I care not," "Meanwhile, nevermore see Hélène." "I fly to her," says Henri, and the curtain falls on the first act.

The second opens with a charming scene, in a smiling valley near Palermo, with the chapel of Sainte-Rosalie on an eminence in the distance. John of Procida is alone, moody and thoughtful. He expresses his sensations in an air, "O mon pays, tant adoré," which is interrupted by a chorus of bass voices behind the scenes. They shout, "Death to the French, new life to their country," and, as the voices die away, Procida resumes his interrupted song, which concludes with a *stretta*, quick, rapid, and admirably in keeping with the situation. M. Obin sang this air to perfection, and fairly divided the applause with the composer. Hélène arrives, recognises Procida, and they unite their voices in hope for the deliverance of their native soil. Procida departs to add fuel to the flame commencing to burn among the people, and Henri is left alone with Hélène. He discloses his love in a charming duet, exquisitely sung by Madlle. Cravelli, and to which M. Gueymard also did full justice. A passage on the words "Moi! qui simple soldat," which forms an accompaniment to, and embroidery on the theme sustained by Madlle. Cravelli, called down thunders of applause, and the whole duet is graceful, elegant, and charming. But alas! the course of true love never did run smooth; an officer arrives, who forms an unwished for addition to the lovers' tête-à-tête, and who bears an invitation for Henri to the Governor's fête. He refuses with disdain, and is carried off captive. He bears with him the antidote of love to the bane of imprisonment, for Hélène has promised her hand, if he will avenge on the French the death of her murdered brother.

Procida returns, preceding the conspirators and friends, who have united to celebrate the fête of Sainte Rosalie. Sicilian dancers, tarentellas, &c., follow in rapid succession.

The French soldiers are long spy the happy groups, and, throwing themselves into the midst, carry off the girls most suited to their taste; an outrage they commit in broad daylight, and in presence of their assembled relatives. Stupor, indignation, rage, and fury succeed each other in rapid order; the people give way to their passions in a chorus well suited to the scene, and when the voices of all, gradually increasing in volume, have arrived at the very climax of indignation, the chorus is interrupted by an *ensemble* of the principal singers on the words "Ils frémissent enfin, et de honte et de rage," which produced an admirable effect, and was much applauded. In the midst of these tumultuous cries, comes an air wafted over the waters, "in sounds by distance made more sweet." The enraged populace listens to the song, and presently beholds a boat freighted with gallant Frenchmen and noble dames, who, escorted by bands of music, are proceeding to the Governor's fête. At the sight of their foes the passions of the mob are roused to violence, and, whilst from the boat proceeds a strain of sensuous music, voluptuous and love-inspiring, the stage re-echoes to the rude and impassioned chorus of the angry conspirators. This double chorus is united by the composer with rare skill, and the effect was tremendous. The curtain fell to shouts of applause from all parts of the house, and Signor Verdi—after long resistance to a call which would admit of no denial—was at length led before the curtain by Madlle. Cravelli, to receive the applause which the beauties of the second act had fairly won for him.

Act third commences in the cabinet of Guy de Montfort, at Palermo. He is informed that Henri, having refused his invitation, has been brought as a prisoner; and the prisoner is led before him. In a duet of considerable merit, the Governor informs Henri that he is his father, and a phrase in the words

"Pour moi, quelle ivresse, inconnue,
De contempler ses traits chéris!"

which was well delivered by Bonnehée, was much applauded. Henri trembles at seeing before him his enemy, his father, and

the seducer of his mother united. He rushes from the stage and flies to seek Procida and Hélène, his lover and his friend.

The scene now changes to the palace of Palermo, where the ballet of *Les Quatre Saisons* is represented before the assembled court. Hélène, Henri, and Procida arrive masked; Hélène determined to carry out her scheme of slaying the Governor; Henri, who has not yet informed Hélène of the secret of his birth, resolved to save his father. She raises her arm to strike, but, at the moment the blow is about to fall, she finds her lover's breast between her dagger and the hated tyrant. Henri thence becomes an object of detestation and scorn to the conspirators, whose plans he has frustrated, and to Hélène, whose vengeance he has balked. She repulses him, declaring that he has lost her love for ever. Henri rushes from group to group, protesting and vowing, but his words are thrown to the winds, for the conspirators, in a chorus written in unison, and sung at the very top of their voices, refuse his explanations, disbelieve his vows, and the curtain falls on Act 3; the *finale* to which forms a most striking contrast to that which preceded it, being an ill-arranged combination of sounds emitted from many voices and many instruments—noise, *et preterece nihil*. Act 3 indeed is a failure. The trio of conspirators; the son trembling for his father's life, and divided between love and duty; the fair Sicilian bent on avenging her brother's death; and the stern patriot resolved on his country's liberation, can find no better means of expressing their feelings than the *air de ballet*, to which the dancers are pirouetting on their arrival. Were it not that Signor Verdi had on previous occasions treated us to similar eccentricities, it would be incredible that the second act, so impassioned, dramatic, and replete with beauties, could have proceeded from the same composer as this common-place, trite, rapid, and trashy third act.

In the fourth act, Montfort has arrested Hélène and Procida, and Henri comes to visit them in prison. He declaims an air intended to be grand, but utterly wanting in idea or inspiration. Hélène issues from the depth of the dungeon, and loads with reproaches the traitor who should have avenged her brother, but who has saved his murderer. Then follows a duet, wherein Henri confides to her the secret of his birth, and Hélène forgives him. This duet, "Ami, le cœur d'Hélène pardonne au repentir," is a charming composition, and sung *sotto voce* by Madlle. Cravelli and M. Gueymard—it was encored with enthusiasm. The tyrant descends into the dungeon, and orders the immediate execution of the conspirators, who take leave of the world in an *ensemble* "Adieu, mon pays, je succombe." A "De profundis," chanted in a neighbouring chapel, comes like the "miserere" of the *Travatore*, to throw its gloomy pall over the situation. The condemned await their death with resignation, when Henri demands their pardon of the Governor. Montfort replies that if Henri will publicly acknowledge him as his father, his request will be granted; but this Hélène positively forbids, preferring to suffer death rather than that the hated tyrant should hear the word "Father" proceed from the lips of the son. She therefore marches resolutely to the scaffold; but the moment the axe is about to fall, Henri cries out "Father, father!" the headsman's hand is stayed, and the pardon is granted.

But Montfort is not content with the pardoning only, and exclaims—

"Pour réconcilier la Sicile et la France.
D'Hélène et de mon fils j'ordonne l'alliance."

The duchess refuses; she will never wed the Governor's son. Procida whispers in her ear, recommending compliance. "Never, never!" replies she. "Silence! it is a *ruse*," says Procida, and she gives a feigned consent. The whole of this scene is weak in conception, and puerile in execution, whether as regards the *libretto* or the music. The one is worthy of the other, and both are childish in the extreme.

The fifth act develops the idea that had suggested itself to the Procidian mind, and proves him to be wanting in invention, and commonplace in idea. There is no wedding without bells, thought he, and a bell shall be the signal for the massacre of the hated French. The chapel is prepared, and a chorus of young girls heralds the bride's approach. She arrives, and thanks them in a *bolero*, "Merci, mes jeunes amies," which, owing to

the charming execution of Mdle. Cruvelli, was enthusiastically encored. Henri arrives, accompanied by Procida, who then details his plan to Hélène. At the moment the bells announce that Hélène has wedded Henri, the massacre will commence, which is to strike without mercy every Frenchman in Sicily. She refuses to countenance the scheme, and rather than be a party to it, renounces the hand of the man she loves. Her reasoning seems to be—no marriage, no bells; no bells, no vespers; no vespers, no massacre. Henri approaches to lead her to the altar, and is surprised, as well as he may be, by her informing him that

"Cet hymen ne s'accomplira pas."

The lover and conspirator are alike in despair at this determination, which thwarts the love of the one, the revenge of the other. A trio ensues, in which the tenor supplicates, for, says he,

"Tu veux me ravir mon amour"—

and the bass adjures, for, says he,

"Tu veux me ravir ma vengeance"—

Hélène is divided between love for her betrothed and devotion to her country; she stands irresolute and perplexed, when Procida gives the fatal signal; the bells toll, a group of men, sword in hand, throw themselves on Montfort and his friends, and the curtain falls as the massacre begins.

In this act the music is altogether foreign to the purpose, and utterly unsuited to the scene. Hélène sings a *bolero*, a *polonaise* profusely adorned with ornament and *fioriture*; she seems to have forgotten her murdered brother, her bleeding country, her feigned marriage, and her unslaked vengeance. Henri too has ceased to remember his mother seduced, his country enslaved, and busies himself with festival and gaiety alone. Who would think, when listening to the sound of these mandolines and castagnettes, that a nation is about to assert its nationality, and to take the most fell revenge on its oppressors and its foes? But thus has it pleased M. Scribe and Signor Verdi, and the epithets I have bestowed on the fourth act are equally, or even in a stronger degree, applicable to the fifth.

Of the execution, I can speak in terms of unqualified praise. Though the opera was not concluded until one o'clock in the morning, the *artistes* never tired in their zealous efforts to do their utmost for the composer and his music. Mdle. Cruvelli was indefatigable; Signor Verdi owes much to her untiring exertions, and to the wonderful display of genius, talent, and art which she combined in her representation of the Duchess Hélène. She sang and acted with passion, soul, and energy, and roused the audience to unwonted enthusiasm. Three times was she encored, and over and over again re-called before the curtain. She gave her first *cavatina* with great fire and vigour, murmured the romance *à demi-voix* with exquisite simplicity and grace, and vocalised the *Bolero* in the most brilliant style. Her carriage and deportment as she walked to the scaffold were noble and resigned; the accents of her voice in the scenes with her lover touching and tender beyond description. Her triumph was complete.

M. Gueymard also did his best, and, though always inelegant and ungraceful in his bearing, he subdued his voice and moderated his ardour, so as to escape the extravagance of gesture and singing to which he is too apt to yield. In the duet with his father and that with Hélène, he fairly won and merited the applause he received.

M. Bonnehée has a fine barytone voice, an excellent method, and a good style. He made the most of his part, though the idea of a father constantly pursuing his son, and constantly repulsed, is by no means a pleasant one to depict in action. M. Obin was superb in the part of Procida, and looked a chief conspirator to the life.

The ballet of the *Quatre Saisons* is pretty, but too long. A young *débütante*, Mdle. Conqui, made a sensation and achieved a success as Spring. She is an Italian, tall, well-made, graceful, and pretty. She danced with vigour and lightness, and though she has much to learn, she is very young, and gives promise of being a valuable addition to the list of *danseuses*.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

PART I.

OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 375.)

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY artistic tendency approaches more nearly perfection in exactly the same degree that it gains the power of more solid, clearer and surer form. The people, who, in the beginning, utter their astonishment at the wide-working wonders of nature, in exclamations of lyrical feeling, poetically raise, in order to master the object that thus excites their astonishment, the wide-branching natural phenomenon into a god, and, then, the god into a hero. In this hero, as their own image, they recognise themselves, and celebrate his deeds in epic poetry, while they actually represent them in the drama. Stepping from out the chorus, the tragic hero of the Greeks looked back and said to it: "See, thus does a man really act; what you celebrate in opinions and maxims, I place before you as indisputably true and necessary." Greek tragedy comprehended, in the chorus and the hero, the public and the work of art; the latter was directly presented in tragedy, with the opinion on itself—as the poetical view of the matter—to the people, and the drama ripened as a work of art exactly in the same proportion that the explanatory judgment of the chorus was so irrefutably expressed in the actions of the heroes themselves, that the chorus would step completely off the stage among the people themselves, and assist as vivifying and realizing participators of the action—as such. Shakespere's tragedy most undoubtedly stands so far above that of the Greeks, inasmuch as it has completely overcome the necessity of the chorus to the artistic technical details. In Shakespere, the chorus is merged in individuals participating in the action, and behaving as entirely in obedience to the same individual necessity of opinion and position as the principal hero himself, while even their apparent subordination within the artistic outline is only evident from their further points of contact with the principal hero, but not at all from any fundamental technical contempt for the secondary personages; for, in every case, the most subordinate character has to take part in the principal action, and expresses himself completely in accordance with his own characteristic, free mode of thinking.

That Shakespere's decided and well defined characters have in the subsequent course of modern dramatic art continued to lose more and more of their plastic individuality, and sunk to mere fixed dramatic masks without any individuality at all, is to be attributed to the influence of a State system arranging everything according to a settled order of rank, and oppressing more and more the right of free individuality with fatal violence. The phantasmagoria of such character-masks as these—inwardly hollow, and destitute of all individuality—was the dramatic basis of opera. The more unsubstantial the personages behind these masks, the better adapted were they considered for singing the operatic air. "Prince and Princess"—such is the whole dramatic axis round which opera turned, and—when viewed in the light—still turns. Anything like an element of individuality could only be bestowed upon such operatic masks by outward touches, and, finally, it became necessary for the peculiar locality of the scene of action to supply the place of that which they had once for all inwardly lost. When composers had completely exhausted the productivity of their art, and been obliged to borrow local melody from the people, they ended by clutching at the entire locality itself: scenery, dresses, and that which had to fill them out, the accessories capable of movement—the operatic chorus became, at last, the principal thing—the opera itself, which was compelled to cast, from all sides, its flickering light upon "Prince and Princess" in order to preserve the unfortunate beings in their painted vocal existence.

Thus was the revolution of the drama fulfilled to its deadly disgrace; the individual characters to which the chorus of the people once raised itself by the aid of poetry, were hurried away into a stream of chequered, mass-like accessories, without a centre. We regard as such accessories the whole prodigious scenic apparatus, which cries to us, through machinery, painted linen and motley attire, as the voice of the chorus: "I am myself, and there is no opera without me!"

It is true that noble-minded artists had previously availed themselves of the national element as an ornament; but with them it could only exercise a sweet and charming spell in those cases where it was added as appropriate and requisite for a dramatic subject animated by characteristic action, and where it was introduced without any ostentation. How admirably could Mozart give a national colouring to his "Osmin," and his "Figaro," without seeking for it in Turkey or Spain, or even in books. But "Osmin" and "Figaro" were actual, individual characters, happily conceived by the poet; endowed by the musician with true expression, and not to be missed by any performer of sound feeling. The national additions of our modern operatic composers, however, are not employed upon such individualities, but intended to impart, in the first place, to something of itself completely without distinctive character a foundation in some way characteristic, for the purpose of animating and justifying an existence naturally indifferent and colourless. The point to which all sound popular element tends, the purely human characterising principle, is, in our operas, altogether wasted, as a colourless insignificant mask for singers of airs, and this mask is only to be artificially animated by the reflection of the surrounding colour, for which reason the colour of the accessories is daubed on in the most glaring and conspicuous manner.

In order to animate the desolate stage around the singers of airs, the people, after having been robbed of their melody, were, at last, brought on the stage itself; of course, however, it could not be that people which discovered the melody in question, but the docile, well-schooled mass, that marched up and down to the time of the operatic air. That people was not required, but the mass, that is to say, the material remains of the people, whose living spirit had been sucked dry. The mass-like chorus of our modern opera is nothing more than the scenery and machinery of the theatre endowed with the power of walking and singing—the dumb splendour of the *coulisses* changed into moving noise. The "Prince and Princess," with the best will in the world, had not anything else to say for themselves than their flourishing airs which had been heard a thousand times; at last, an attempt was made to vary the theme by causing the whole theatre, from the *coulisses* to the chorus, that had been increased a hundred fold, to sing the said air with them, and that, too—the greater the effect to be produced—no longer in several parts, but in really tumultuous consonance. In the "Unison," at present become so celebrated, the true pith of the reason for the employment of masses is most evidently manifested, and, in the operatic sense, we hear most assuredly the masses "emancipated," when, in the most celebrated passages of the most celebrated operas, we hear them execute the old worn-out air in hundred-voiced unisonance. Thus it is, too, that our present system of State has emancipated the masses, when it makes them, in military uniform, march in battalions, wheel to the left and to the right, and shoulder and present arms; when Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* rise to the greatest height, we hear in it what we see in a battalion of the Prussian Guard. German writers call this—as we have already said—the emancipation of the masses.

But the accessories thus "emancipated" were, strictly speaking, only another mask. If really characteristic life did not exist in the principal personages of the opera, it was still less possible to infuse it into the mass-like apparatus. The reflection, which should have fallen from this apparatus with animating effect upon the principal personages, could only produce a result at all satisfactory, when the mask of the accessories received, somehow or other, from without, such a varnish as would deceive us with regard to their inward hollowness.

This varnish was obtained from *historical costume*, which necessarily rendered the national colouring more striking.

We might suppose that here, on the introduction of the historical motive, it would have fallen to the lot of the poet to take a decisive part in the fashioning of the opera. We shall soon perceive, however, our error, when we reflect what course the progress of opera had previously taken; how it necessarily owed all the phases of its development to the desperate efforts of the musician to keep his work artificially alive, and was even directed to the employment of *historical motives*, not from a desire, which it experienced as a necessity, of giving itself up to the poet, but by the pressure of purely musical circumstances—a pressure, moreover, arising from the completely unnatural attempt of the musician to supply both the end and the expression in the drama. We shall subsequently return to the position of the poet relatively to our modern opera; at present, we will uninterruptedly proceed from the point of view of the actual factor of the opera, namely, the musician, to where his erroneous efforts necessarily conducted him.

The musician, who—however he might choose to demean himself—could only furnish expression, and nothing but expression, necessarily lost the capability of healthy and true expression in exactly the same proportion that he degraded the object of his expression to a fundamentally flat and unsubstantial scheme, in his erroneous zeal to draw and to invent the said object himself. As he had not applied to the poet for a *human being*, but to the mechanician for a *lay figure*, which he draped as he pleased with his robes, in order to enchant by the charm of colour and the arrangement of the robes alone, he was obliged, in the impossibility of representing the warm pulsation of the human being in the lay figure, and as his means of expression became more and more meagre, to direct his attention to the most unheard-of and greatest diversity in the colours and folds of his robes. The historical robe of opera—the most productive of all, since it was capable of being changed, in the most motley manner, according to time and climate—is, however, properly speaking, only the work of the scene-painter and the stage tailor, and, in truth, these two persons have become the most important allies of the modern operatic composer. But still the musician did not fail to arrange his tune-palette for historical costume; how was it possible that he, the creator of opera, after making the poet his servant, should not outlive the painter and the tailor? When he had resolved the whole drama, with its action and characters, into music, how could it be impossible for him musically to swamp also the drawings and colours of the painter and tailor? He was able to tear down all the dams, and open all the sluices, dividing the sea from the land, and thus, in the deluge of his music, to drown the drama, with man and beast, with paint-brush and scissors.

But the musician was obliged, also, to fulfil his predestined task, and to delight by the presence of the *historical style of music* the German school of criticism, for whose benefit, as is well known, the Almighty, in his kind and superintending care, created art. This high mission soon inspired him to discover the right thing.

What was it necessary that an "historical style" of music should be, in order to produce the effect of such? At any rate, something different to a style that was *not* historical. In what, however, did the difference consist? Plainly in the fact that the "historical" style is as different from that usual at the present day, as the costume of some former epoch to that of our own times. Was it not the wisest plan, just as the costume is faithfully copied from the age selected, to borrow the music also from that age? Unfortunately, this was not such an easy task, for, in the times so piquant as regards costume, there was, barbarously enough, no opera. A general operatic language could, therefore, not be borrowed from them. On the other hand, however, the people of those days used to sing in churches, and these church compositions possess, when unexpectedly sung at the present day, something strikingly strange in comparison to our music. Excellent! Let us have church songs! Religion must mount the stage! Thus, the necessity for musical historic costume became a Christian, religious, operatic virtue. For the crime of robbery committed on the people's melody, Roman

Catholic and Evangelical Protestant church absolution was now obtained, in return for the benefit granted the church from the fact that religion, as had previously been the case with the masses, was—to retain consistently the expression of German criticism—*emancipated* through opera.

Thus did the operatic composer become completely the saviour of the world; and in the profoundly inspired Meyerbeer, irresistibly carried away by his self-lacerating, enthusiastic zeal, have we to acknowledge, in every case, the modern redeemer, the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

But this sin-purging "emancipation of the Church" could only be carried out conditionally by the musician. If religion wished to be blessed by means of opera, she must reasonably content herself with her proper place among the other emancipated personages and things. Opera, as the liberator of the world, must rule religion, and not religion opera; if opera should become the church, religion would not be emancipated by opera, but opera by religion. For the purity of the music-historical costume, it would certainly have been desirable for opera only to have to do with religion, for the sole available historical music was to be found nowhere but in the music of the church. But to have to do with monks and priests would have sensibly affected the gaiety of opera; for that which was to be glorified by the emancipation of religion was, properly speaking, nothing but the operatic air, that voluptuously developed primitive germ of the whole system of opera, which by no means shot out its roots in search of devout meditation, but of amusing recreation. Strictly speaking, religion was to be employed simply to give the whole a flavour, just as it is a well-regulated State; the principal seasoning remained of necessity, the "Prince and Princess," with the requisite garnishing of villains, chorus of courtiers, and chorus of people, *coulisses*, and clothes.

But how was the whole of this right reverend operatic community to be metamorphosed into historical music.

At this point, the musician beheld opened to him the boundless, grey, misty realms of absolute invention; the challenge to create something out of nothing. Behold, how quickly he made up his mind! All he had to do was to take care that the music was always a little different from what custom must lead us to suppose it would be. Thus his music would, at any rate, sound strange, and a right cut on the part of the theatrical tailor would be sufficient to make it completely "historical."

Music, the richest means of expression, had now a new and uncommonly piquant task, namely, once again to overthrow expression, through itself, which she had, as a general rule, previously made the object of expression; expression, which, without an object worth expressing, was, of itself, null, became, in the endeavour to be itself that object, again *negated*, so that the result of our world-creation theories, according to which, out of two negatives something was produced, must now be completely attained by the operatic composer. We recommend to German critics the operatic style which sprang from this as "*emancipated metaphysics*."

Let us consider this mode of proceeding a little more closely.

If the composer was desirous of giving an immediately suitable, naked expression, he could, with the best will in the world, only do so in the musical mode of speech received by us at present as intelligible, musical expression; if he now wished to impart to this an historical colouring, which he could only, in reality, suppose attainable by imbuing it with a strange, unusual sound, the first thing most certainly at his command was the mode of expression peculiar to a previous musical epoch, which mode of expression he might imitate as his fancy dictated, and from which he might borrow according to his own caprice. In this manner, then, has the composer, out of all the peculiarities of style, in the least palatable, of various periods, botched up a motley jargon, which, in itself, was not badly adapted to his straining after what was strange and unusual. Musical language, as soon as it is detached from an object worthy of being expressed, and attempts to speak quite alone, without substance, and according to the mere caprice of the operatic air, that is to say, would only prate in singing and whistling, is, in its constitution, so completely subjected to mere fashion, that it can only subordinate itself

to the fashion in question, or, if fortunate, simply rule it, that is to say, adopt the *newest* fashion. The jargon which the composer has invented, in order—for the sake of the historical end—to speak in *strange* accents, immediately becomes, if successful, the fashion, in its turn, and this fashion, once adopted, suddenly *does not appear strange any longer*, but is the dress we all wear, the language we all speak. The composer is necessarily in despair at seeing himself thus always thwarted through his own inventions, in his endeavours to appear strange, and is compelled to resort to some means of appearing so, once for all, directly he would fulfil his mission for "historical" music. He must, therefore, once for all, be intent on again distorting in itself the most distorted expression—because it has become fashionable and customary through his means—he must resolve, strictly speaking, to say "No" where he really means "Yes;" to bear himself joyously when he would express grief, and to whimper piteously where he would give himself up to agreeable delight. In sober truth, thus, and not otherwise, is it possible for him always to appear strange and singular, as if he had come from heaven knows where; he must at once play the lunatic, in order to appear "historically characteristic." Here, then, a completely new element is obtained; the impulse for the "historical" has led to hysterical madness, and this madness, to our delight, is, when seen in the light, nothing more than—how shall we designate it?—*New Romanticism*.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT LINDLEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS unrivalled performer on the violoncello died on the 13th of this month, in his eightieth year, having been born at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, in 1776. His reputation has been established, for the last sixty years, as a master of the difficult instrument on which he so excelled. From the age of seventeen, until about three years since, when he was succeeded by his able representative, Lucas, he held the responsible and distinguished position of first violoncello in the Opera orchestra. At about the same age, also, he was engaged in the same capacity in the country festivals, and at a still earlier age played as a solo performer, and otherwise, at the professional concerts. Even as a child his great musical talents appeared, and at the age of eight he might have been seen playing in the Margate Theatre, of which fact that establishment may now well boast. He was a pupil of the younger Cervetto, a player himself much esteemed for his sweetness of tone and expression, and whose father appears to have been one of the first to bring the violoncello into notice as a solo instrument—his coadjutors in this respect being Buononcini and Francischello, and his rival, probably, Caporale. Besides the advantage of Cervetto as a master, our departed friend, Lindley, had also the opportunity, in his youth, of hearing and playing with Crossdill, whose powerful tone excelled that of any previous performer. Of his own power and sweetness of tone, and brilliancy of execution, who now living in the musical world, unless of very recent date, can be ignorant? Whether as leading the basses at the Opera and the oratorios, with his admirable skill in accompanying recitative—whether as a player in quartets and other concerted music—whether as a solo or concerto player, or in the body of the orchestra—he was always great and perfect; and, as he excelled in every branch, he was imitable. Who that has had the delight—though now to be looked back upon as a sweet dream of the past—of hearing his accompaniments to "Alexis," "Gentle Airs," and others of that class, can ever forget the sensations produced? and, though not so strictly within the scope of the instrument, who can forget his celebrated golden trio of Corelli, and the ninth solo—where, using the subjects as themes, the exuberance of his fancy, and skill in his art, enabled him to produce effects that surprised as well as charmed his hearers? In private, amongst his friends, he would occasionally show his power in still greater difficulties—though difficulties they were not to him—such as playing on the violoncello the first violin part of a quartet, or of a Beethoven trio. His upright conduct, punctuality, and kindness in his profession, were known to all—and they were many—who ever came in contact with him. He was, indeed, a man of strict integrity and honour, and a steady friend, which the deep regret of his family, and of those who enjoyed his intimacy, will testify.

STRASBURG.—The German operatic company, under the direction of Herr Röder, has commenced operations. Mdle. Anna Zerr is engaged for a limited number of nights.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow me to ask (through the medium of your valuable paper) the proprietors of "The Musical Directory," published by Messrs. Rudall and Co., if they are aware that several persons described as professors in the "Directory" list are not so.

I am induced to ask this question from the fact of my baker (who is an amateur violoncello player) regularly receiving the private price-lists from the London music publishers and kindly informing his circle of acquaintances what my profit must be on any particular piece I may happen to teach any of my pupils.

May I venture to add that none but *bond fide* professors should be placed in the "Directory." I beg to remain, Mr. Editor, yours, very truly,

June 18th, 1855.

** The "Musical Directory" is full of errors. Amateurs are described as professors—violinists as pianoforte players—sopranos as contraltos, etc. Wrong addresses are given, and well-known names are incorrectly spelt. It is to be regretted that a useful work should be spoilt by such careless editorship.—ED. M. W.

THE ARDWICK GLEE CLUB.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—In the above society's advertisement (about the beginning of the year) offering a prize of five guineas for the best cheerful glee, it was distinctly stated that all the competitors should receive notice of who was the winner, immediately on the decision being made. In a subsequent advertisement it was announced, that a performance of all the glees sent in (twenty-seven in number) would take place on the 25th of last month, and the prize awarded on the spot. More than three weeks have elapsed since the above date, and I, one of the competitors, have heard nothing further of the matter. I conceive that this apparent breach of faith requires explanation.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

June 18th, 1855.

INQUIRENDO.

M. BERLIOZ AND THE NEW PHILHARMONIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In one of your leading articles of last week, noticing the fifth New Philharmonic performance, you complain of the society for not performing the vocal part of M. Berlioz's Symphony, and ask "Where was the chorus which in the performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony under Dr. Wylde's *bâton*, drew forth our commendation?" Permit me to inform you, as a member of the chorus, that every one was in his place in the orchestra on that evening, both willing and ready to perform the choral parts of the symphony, had not M. Berlioz informed us that he desired its omission. I assure you, I, as well as every member of the chorus, felt no slight mortification at finding that our services, after attending six rehearsals and having learnt the music by heart, were so unceremoniously dispensed with; and we likewise regretted that the society should have been put to so much expense and trouble for no purpose. I agree with you that some explanation is required, and as we acted in accordance with M. Berlioz's expressed wishes we should be glad to hear some explanation from him.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

June 22, 1855.

A MEMBER OF THE CHORUS.

THE CHORUS AND M. BERLIOZ.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—You allude to the choruses in *Romeo and Juliet* being omitted at the New Philharmonic Concert on Wednesday night last, as if the members ordinarily engaged could not attend. Such was not the case. The few professional chorists (about four to each part) who are engaged from night to night, were never offered any engagement. Whether this was purposely done to upset M. Berlioz's music, I cannot say, but as engagements have been sent on other occasions several days before, it seems probable. The amateurs could not sing the music at Tuesday night's rehearsal, and, after several trials, M. Berlioz decided on omitting the vocal portion. Now, Sir, I should not have troubled you with this statement, but, on the chorus taking their places in the orchestra on the concert night, they were told no music would be given them for *Romeo and Juliet*. Accordingly, on M. Berlioz entering the orchestra for the second part, they *hissed* him. The one great musician of the day can afford to laugh at the insult; but I trust, should this meet his

eye, that he will believe none of the professional chorus of 1852 were guilty of such conduct. M. Berlioz is respected and appreciated by the musical world, from the humblest to the highest professor; and, though the New Philharmonic may now be looked on as an amateur society, making its vocal and musical engagements through a gentleman (a tailor by trade) who cannot possibly know much about it; still the professional chorus singer (neither clerk nor shopman) feels it necessary to exonerate himself from any participation in an impertinence suggested only by the most ignorant inefficiency. Your obedient servant,

VOICE.

P.S.—I enclose my card, in obedience to the regulation you enforce.

Tuesday, 19th June.

MR. SALAMAN, NOT MR. SLOPER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Will you oblige me by correcting a mistake in the last number of your journal? The pianoforte part in the concerted piece at Mr. Benson's concert was played by Mr. Charles Salaman, and not by me; and this gentleman also assisted me in the accompaniments to the vocal music. I am sure you will be equally desirous with myself that your praise should be bestowed on the right person.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LINDSAY SLOPER.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—The eighth and final concert this season, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, came off on Wednesday evening last. The programme contained selections from the works of Sebastian Bach, Himmel, Mozart, Marcello, Croce, Donizetti, Mendelssohn, Bennett, Travers, Bishop, etc. The principal performers were Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas. Mr. Hopkins, organist of Temple Church, presided at the organ. The chorus, which consisted of the members of Mr. Hullah's first upper school, gained general applause, and were encored in the following pieces:—"Thou art beautiful" (Croce); part song, "The Nightingale is gone away," and hunting song, "Now morning advances" (Mendelssohn.) Miss Palmer was encored, and deservedly, in "Partant pour la Syrie." With this exception, we can afford but little praise to the soloists. The singing of the "National Anthem" was by no means what might have been desired. The concert was well attended, and Mr. Hullah warmly received on his appearance in the orchestra.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN commenced a course of four lectures, at the Royal Panopticon, on Wednesday, the 13th instant, on the History of the Pianoforte. The first lecture was restricted to the clavichord and virginal, the musical illustrations being given on the last-named instrument. Mr. Charles Salaman introduced, for the first time, two curious compositions—"The short measure of my Lady Wynkfield's rounce," composed in the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign, and some variations, by Henry Purcell, on an ancient English tune called "Old Simon." The lecture was well received. Mr. Charles Salaman continued the subject on Wednesday last.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. W. H. BUCK.—The Sacred Harmonic Society in the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, have presented Mr. Buck with an address and a silver salver, to mark their high sense of his untiring efforts to improve the music of the church, and to establish the society, which under his conductorship has made steady progress during the short space of eighteen months. On retiring from the curacy of the parish, Mr. Buck resigned his *bâton* to Mr. J. Rhodes, the organist, under whose guidance it is fully expected that the society will continue to prosper. We are glad to hear of another clergyman using his influence to reform the music of the Church. When shall we have a general move to effect so important an end?

WEIMAR.—According to report, Dr. Franz Liszt is about to resign his position of *Kapellmeister*, for the purpose of making a professional tour in the United States of America. The original mask of Beethoven, taken after death, is hanging in Dr. Liszt's music-room, over the piano presented to Beethoven by the Messrs. Broadwood, two years before his death. Some of the celebrated composer's hair is still sticking in the plaster of the mask.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI gave his annual concert yesterday at Willis's Rooms, and attracted a highly select and numerous audience; indeed, the rooms were somewhat overcrowded, every hole and corner being full. Besides the attraction of the eminent concertist and guitarist, a host in himself, Sig. Regondi was assisted by a select body of vocalists and instrumentalists, comprising the names of Mesdames Clara Novello, Lascelles, and Emilie Krall, Signor Marras, and Messrs. Boleyn Reeves, Blagrove, Evans, Lake, and Li Calai. Of Signor Regondi we cannot do more than repeat what we have said over and over again, that he seems to have carried the concertina to the highest pitch of excellence, both as regard expression and execution, of which it is susceptible, and the greatest eulogium that we can bestow on him is, that he has assimilated it so closely to the human voice that we almost fancy we hear the melodious and pathetic strains of Rubini in his best days, so closely does he imitate him by his execution and admirable phrasing. It is certainly to Signor Regondi that the concertina owes the high position which it now occupies in public favour. As a guitarist Signor Regondi is no less eminent; he has carried it to its extreme limits, and in his hands it is always pleasing; the ease with which he executes the most elaborate and difficult passages is quite astounding. The choice of pieces was excellent. The execution of the quartet in F, Op. 18, of Beethoven, by four concertinas, was very satisfactory, considering their difference from stringed instruments; the executants, who were Messrs. Regondi, Blagrove, W. Evans, and G. Lake, maintaining throughout the most perfect ensemble. Madame Clara Novello sang Mozart's "Non temer" with perfect expression, and was warmly applauded, and Haydn's "Recollection" with exquisite finish. The solo of Signor Regondi on the guitar, "L'amo, l'amo," was a tissue of marvels in execution and delicate expression, and was encored. Miss Lascelles sang Cherubini's "O Salutaris hostia" with much finish, and was successful in the "Exile." Mdlle. Emilie Krall is possessed of a pure, sweet, and powerful voice, and created a highly favourable impression in Mendelssohn's *Lieder* and Mozart's air from the *Nozze di Figaro*. Signor Marras sang with much expression a very pretty song of his own composition. Mr. Boleyn Reeves executed some melodies on the harp, and was much applauded in a duet on airs from *Moss* with Signor Regondi. The principal feature of the concert was the *Concerto Dramatique* of Spohr, which, although written for the violin, was admirably executed by Sig. Regondi on the concertina, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause, as did also three MS. melodies composed by Molique for the concertina. Sig. Li Calai accompanied in excellent style, and was much applauded in a piece by Mendelssohn.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was performed on Friday evening, the 15th inst., and attracted a very large audience. The performance, on the whole, was admirable. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, Mrs. Temple, Messrs. J. A. Novello, Walker, Smythson, Herr Formes, and Herr Reichardt, who was substituted for Mr. Lockey. The trio, "Lift thine eyes"—perfectly sung by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Mrs. Lockey—was redemanded, and sung again, in spite of precedent. Among the best points in the performance were unquestionably the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," and "Then shall the righteous," by Herr Reichardt, who gave both in such a manner as to satisfy the most fastidious. This gentleman undertook the tenor part, at a short notice, Mr. Lockey, who was announced, being suddenly taken ill. Herr Reichardt's success was decided, and we hope to hear him more frequently at Exeter Hall. Miss Dolby sang the exquisite air, "O rest in the Lord," as charmingly as ever; and Madame Clara Novello produced a great impression in "Hear ye, Israel." Herr Formes sang the part of Elijah splendidly. Between the parts, the band played the "Dead March" from *Saul*, as a tribute to the memory of Robert Lindley, for many years—up to the period of his retirement from public life—principal violoncello of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

SIGNOR MARRAS'S ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE is announced to take place, on Monday next, at the Pavilion, Hans-place, Belgravia.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The arrangement for the coming meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester are now approaching completeness. The festival will be held this year at Hereford, and will take place in the week commencing Tuesday, the 21st August. The following have accepted the office of stewards to the Festival:—The Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Saye and Sele, Sir H. J. Bridges, Mr. J. H. Arkwright of Hampton Court, Mr. Booker M.P., Mr. Chadwick of Puddleston Court, Mr. Kevil Davies of Croft Castle; Rev. W. P. Hopton of Bishop's Froome, and Mr. H. Stratford Stratford. The professional engagements include Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Moss, Miss Dolby, Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Burnby, Mr. Weiss and Master Arthur Napoleon. The band and chorus are to be larger than usual. Mr. G. Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral, will, according to the custom observed at these festivals, be the conductor. Hitherto the Hereford festivals have been, in a pecuniary point of view, the least successful of the three choirs, on account of its isolated position, having no railway within the confines of the county. Since the last festival here, however, in 1852, no less than three railways have been opened to Hereford, communicating with the North, South, and East—viz: the Newport, Abergavenny and Hereford, the Shrewsbury and Hereford, and the Hereford, Ross and Gloucester lines, so that it is anticipated these facilities will induce the attendance of large audiences from distant parts, and arrangements are being made accordingly under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith.

CARACCAS.—A new opera-house, lighted with gas, and capable of accommodating 3000 spectators, has been opened, in the capital of Venezuela, by an Italian operatic company from Naples. Music is in a flourishing condition in this city. Each of the twenty-two churches has a chorus of from sixty to eighty persons.

MDLLE. RACHEL.—"It is true," says the *Messenger des Théâtres*, "that Mdlle. Rachel starts for America on the 25th of July. She will return in the month of December, and then—then only shall we be informed as to the definitive resolutions of the *tragédienne*. The Théâtre-Français will wait. There is no hurry for the present, and Mdlle. Rachel may set out and make her mind easy as to the fate of those whom she abandons—and who do not utter a word of reproach."

L'ETOILE DU NORD.—On Monday, Madame Ugalde appeared, for the first time, in the part of Catharine in *L'Etoile du Nord*, at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, with complete success. She was encored in the couplets of the first act, and in the grand *adieu-de-folie* of the third act was applauded to the echo. The success of Meyerbeer's comic *chef-d'œuvre* goes on increasing with every representation.

MDLLE. PALMYRA AND MDLLE. PAOLA.—These talented dancers, who were so much admired in the ballet of *Terpsichore*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, have left for Paris, to the regret of their admirers here, and the satisfaction of their friends in Paris.

BERLIOZ IN VIENNA.—The arrival of this illustrious musician and critic in London, recalls to our memory an anecdote *à propos* to the times. At a sumptuous banquet, in 1845, given at Vienna to Berlioz by the Princess Alexandre Czartoryska, the accomplished pupil of Chopin and Mayseider, I had the honour of being present. With that courtesy and good breeding observed in the patrician houses of my own country, the foreign guests took precedence of the younger members of the family on being marshalled to dinner. Berlioz, with a provoking amount of national politesse, refused to enter the *salle à manger* before me, and whilst we were mutually bowing to each other, and uttering all kinds of civilities, the venerable prince, who preceded us, with his daughter-in-law, seeing my embarrassment, naively observed—"Gentlemen, in matters of art, I believe that England is right in awarding precedences to France!" Berlioz smiled at this decision, and I followed in his wake. I always remember this social entertainment as one of the happiest days of my artistic life. Elated by the congenial society of accomplished *dilettanti*, Berlioz was more than usually brilliant in wit, anecdote, and conversation. Among other compliments that passed towards the foreign guests, "Success to L'Union Musicale in London" was proposed as a toast, to which Berlioz added a singularly prophetic amendment, "*et l'alliance de l'Angleterre avec la France*." Long may the Musical Union be identified with this alliance in the cause of justice and humanity.—*Ella's Musical Sketches.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A STUDENT OF HARMONY.—Apply to Mr. G. A. Macfarren, 15, Hanover Cottages, Regent's Park.
C. H.—The Allegro alone.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1855.

For the first time during three-and-twenty years, Meyerbeer has been induced to visit England, where his works have rendered his name famous for more than a quarter of a century. The composer of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and so many other remarkable productions, arrived in London on Tuesday afternoon, and witnessed, in the evening, the performance of Verdi's *Trovatore* at the Royal Italian Opera.

Meyerbeer has doubtless come to superintend the rehearsals of his last great opera, upon the success of which at Covent Garden so much depends. He will find in Mr. Costa all that a sensitive composer could possibly desire from a musical director. The same zeal, the same gentlemanly attentions which the popular *chef-d'orchestre* lavished upon Dr. Spohr, will, we are sure, be equally at the disposal of Meyerbeer. The principal singers, the members of the band and chorus, in short, the whole *personnel* of the Royal Italian Opera, from the manager to the scene-shifter, will hail the advent of the celebrated musician with enthusiasm, and do everything in their power to render his sojourn in this metropolis agreeable enough to tempt him here again when the long-expected *Africaine* shall be immediately on the tapis. And, after all, the reception Meyerbeer is sure to experience is but a just return for the services he has indirectly conferred on the establishment. How many thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling have the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* caused to flow into the Covent Garden treasury in the course of seven or eight years! And how many salaries, to rich and poor, have been paid through the medium of their attraction! These matters cannot be overlooked. They have nothing to do with the esteem which inevitably attaches to the composer of some of the most extraordinary operas that have enriched the modern lyric stage. That is a question apart—a question for musicians and amateurs who have been charmed by the music of the master, and for the theatrical public at large, who are not likely to be behind-hand in testifying their respect for one to whom they are indebted for so much gratification and amusement.

When Meyerbeer was last in England (in 1832), he came to preside over the rehearsals of his *Robert le Diable*, on the occasion of that celebrated opera being produced, by Mr. Monck Mason, at Her Majesty's Theatre. *Robert* had already been played with distinguished success at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, in the English language, with Meyerbeer's music, but not with Meyerbeer's instrumentation. At the first theatre the pianoforte score was arranged for the orchestra by the late Sir Henry (then Mr.) Bishop; at Covent Garden the same operation was performed by the late Mr. Rophino Lacy. Mr. Monck Mason, however, invited over the French company, persuaded the composer to accompany them, and brought out the opera which had made so great a sensation at home and abroad, in the original (the French) language. Since then, as we all remember, it has been heard in German and Italian.

The year 1832 was further memorable for the first visit to this country of Meyerbeer's great compatriot, Mendelssohn Bartholdy. What things have occurred since then! *St. Paul* and *Elijah* written, and their gifted composer departed to a place "where only his music can be excelled;" the Laporte and Lumley dynasties at the Opera; the secession of Costa, and the establishment of a rivalry so formidable as to cause the temporary suspension of the elder theatre; the Jenny Lind mania; the rise and fall of the *ballet*, with the *Pas de Quatre* as its apogee; Costa at the Philharmonic, Costa at Exeter Hall, Costa at the Birmingham Festival, Costa every where; the whole career in England of the magnificent Grisi; the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; Jullien, and the musical conquest of the masses; the "Hullabaloo;" Macready's retirement, leaving the English stage without an actor; the triumph of humbug in the person of Mr. Barnum; the death of Malibran; the seventeen works of Balfe and the dissolution of English opera; the great bubble of the Royal Academy of Music, and its early bursting; the meteoric course of Rachel; the follies of Liszt, and the opposition by Richard Wagner, with "the books;"

—but we could go on for ever; all these, which we have named pell-mell, and a hundred other things we shall not name at all, have passed before us, like the vision of the kings before Macbeth. Meanwhile the fame of Meyerbeer has risen step by step to its present eminence. His coming among us, after so long an absence, to find boys men, and men dotards, the face of the city changed, and his own name spread out from a point into a sun, is "an event," both for Meyerbeer and for all of us who regard music as a great fact, and its best representatives as worthy to be honoured.

THE case of Mr. W. T. Best *versus* the Manager and Council of the Panopticon, does not seem to be fairly before the public. Mr. Best, having seceded from the post of organist (how and wherefore matters little), was perfectly entitled to advertise in the newspapers that he had no further connection with the institution. He availed himself of his right, as any other professional man would have done in a similar predicament. Because Mr. Best, who lives by the exercise of his talents, is no longer organist at the Panopticon, is that any reason why he should starve? The Manager and Council would seem to think so, if we may draw conclusions from a circular forwarded to the office of the *Musical World*, and which we subjoin:—

Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, Leicester-square,
15th June, 1855.

The Secretary presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*, and is directed to request the favour of the insertion of the enclosed paragraph in an early number of that journal:—

[PARAGRAPH.]

"THE ORGANIST AT THE ROYAL PANOPTICON.—An advertisement, headed 'Royal Panopticon,' having appeared in several journals, in which Mr. W. T. Best 'begs to inform his friends and the public that he is no longer connected with this institution as organist,' we are authorized to state that Mr. W. T. Best was dismissed from his situation for insubordination, and that on the day fixed for the election of his successor a letter was received from him, making overtures for a re-engagement, which the Council did not feel disposed to entertain."

This would appear grave enough at a first blush. "Dismissed" is an awkward word, and "insubordination" is another. Mr. Best depends as much upon private repute as upon professional ability for maintaining the position he enjoys; and the paragraph in question was likely to compromise both, through the medium of vague insinuation. The Editor of

John Bull (Dr. Biber) had already inserted it in the columns of that journal (our only motive for not rejecting it, or at least for publishing it otherwise than as an advertisement); and it was therefore natural that Mr. Best should step forward in his own defence. A careful perusal of the correspondence below—to which we are glad to afford all the publicity in our power—will, or we are much mistaken, exonerate Mr. Best altogether, and win him rather the approval than the condemnation of those who would not willingly see the art of music degraded in the person of one of its most eminent professors.

ROYAL PANOPTICON, LEICESTER SQUARE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As your columns are always open to the exposure of injustice, I am induced to write a few lines respecting an authorized announcement in a weekly paper, to the effect that "Mr. W. T. Best was dismissed from his situation as organist to the Panopticon for insubordination, and that on the day fixed for the," etc. As regards the first part of the paragraph, the manager of this place of amusement (Rev. E. J. Biber) desired me, in addition to my duties, to play an organ piece each evening at ten o'clock, after the business of the programme had been concluded, and while visitors were leaving the building, suggesting, oddly enough, that Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" would be an appropriate piece. This derogatory and unreasonable service I declined to perform, thereby not suffering the art which I profess to be degraded, as well as preserving my own self respect.

With regard to being dismissed, I have only to state that the Council are in possession of my letter of the month of May, in which I state "if you are, etc., I shall tender my resignation."

The concluding statement in the paragraph is false. I was requested by the Manager, and a highly influential member of the Council, through one of the shareholders (whose letter I append), to make overtures for a re-engagement. I have only to add that, finding the Institution was encouraging the assumption that I was still engaged, by not announcing the change that had taken place, I thought it my duty to make the public, the profession, and my friends acquainted with the truth—the only way of doing which efficiently was that to which I resorted.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. T. BEST.

The above in every respect dignified and straightforward letter was accompanied by the following correspondence, which, at Mr. Best's desire, we lay before our readers:—

[COPY.]

*To the President and Members of Council
of the Royal Panopticon.*

London, April 25th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN,—As the Rev. Dr. Biber, Manager of this Institution, has endeavoured to impose a duty upon me which I consider derogatory to myself, I beg to lay the matter before you. He wishes me to play an organ piece every night at ten o'clock, after the business of the programme is fulfilled, and while visitors are leaving the building. I have offered to play this music at any other time in the morning or evening programme that might be fixed upon, but the Rev. Dr. Biber would not hear of it, and persisted in his unreasonable request.

This "playing the people out" was to have commenced on Monday night, but I have refused to comply till your decision could be obtained, and I now leave the matter in your hands. Should, however, you decide that an organ piece be played at the time, and under the circumstances mentioned, I shall be compelled to place my resignation in your hands.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

W. T. BEST.

*Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, Leicester Square,
25th April, 1855.*

SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, addressed to the President, I am directed to say that the Council entirely coincide with the orders given by the Rev. Dr. Biber, and alluded to therein, and it is their wish that the same should be carried out.

In regard to the leave of absence for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the Council see no objection, provided a fitting substitute be provided by you. I am, sir, your's obediently,

W. T. Best, Esq.

T. J. BROWN, Secretary.

*Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, Leicester Square,
27th April, 1855.*

SIR,—Dr. Biber desires I will call your attention to his order, requiring you to play a piece of music at the close of the evening's entertainment, and also to my letter of the 25th inst., in reply to your's addressed to the President. I am, sir, your's obediently,

W. T. Best, Esq.

T. J. BROWN, Secretary.

*Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, Leicester Square,
3rd May, 1855.*

SIR,—I am directed to forward to you the enclosed minute of a meeting of Council held yesterday (May 2nd), and remain, sir, your's obediently,

Mr. W. T. Best.

[COPY OF MINUTE.]

"Ordered—That the Secretary write to Mr. Best, to the following effect, viz.: that as he had not performed on the organ at the times specified by Dr. Biber, and subsequently in two letters from the Council through the Secretary, or taken any notice of the said letters, his engagement be considered to terminate in a month from the 3rd May."

We have previously commented with some severity on the uses to which the superb instrument built by Messrs. Gray and Davison for the Panopticon was put, in obedience to the mistaken policy of managers. Here is another flagrant instance of how little account is set upon the most valuable object the institution can boast. Why not have a barrel-organ at once, and engage a Savoyard to grind it for the edification of visitors? We cannot but applaud Mr. Best for the independence he has shown; and we trust that his example may act beneficially elsewhere. It is too frequently the case to find the organist in more sacred edifices reduced to the condition of a menial, at the beck and call and caprice of various personages who, whatever their especial claims to respect, are ignorant of music and indifferent to its influence as a refined and civilising art. It is a matter for congratulation that, in another place, where the pretext of "spiritual" office has no sway, a gentleman has been found sufficiently courageous to stand up for the honour of his calling and refuse to do anything unbecomingly subservient.

THE immaculate correspondent of our New York musical contemporary has changed one of his *noms de guerre*. He now writes from Paris under the style and title of "Haudegen." Henceforth, then, he must be apostrophised as Professor Drei-Sterner Haudegen (late Plauderein) Praeger (of Hamm). Tired of babbling, he now means to sabre his enemies. May his shadow never be less!

In his last letter from London, as yet unfettered by the *Giacomo-ic* influence, "H." deals out justice with an even hand, and exposes what he maintains to be humbug with unsparring severity. He sneers (who can blame him!) at our miserable attempts in England towards the consolidation of a national opera. "Mad. Thillon," says he—

"and the Crown Diamonds at the Lyceum, will not cause the foundation of a national opera; nor are *Fra Diavolo*, and similar novelties at the Haymarket, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, worthy of detailed criticism, although that never fails them in certain quarters here, why and wherefore who can tell?"

This is a hard hit for *The Morning Post*, *The Athenæum*, and *The Sunday Times*, whose criticisms are highly favourable to Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves—"why and wherefore" (wherefore "why," if "wherefore," and why "wherefore," if "why?") it is easy for anyone but a Wagnerite, who regards all legitimate successes with a yellow eye, to "tell." The meaning of "Haudegen," however, is clear enough. He intends to convey that Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves pay for their praises. Happily, the reputation of those distinguished

artists stands too high to be endangered by such filthy slander.

With what unblushing effrontery "Drei-Sterner" can invent facts to suit his own ends may be seen in the following:—

"People change and opinions vary. When Halévy wrote *The Tempest* for Her Majesty's Theater, the weakest and most ineffective of all his works" (Qy.—Her Majesty's Theater?) "it was praised as a great work."—"When, at Covent Garden, the *Juice* was brought out with Mario in his prime" (Poor Mario!—where is he now?), "this work was abused without any criticism, and, to believe the papers, was not worthy of being named in the same day with anything emanating from the Royal Academy of Music, near Hanover Square, London, Middlesex."

He must have his fling at the Royal Academy, because it is an English institution. And after all England well deserves the contempt lavished upon her by the swarms of mediocre foreigners, chiefly German music masters and Italian singing masters, whom she fosters to her own prejudice, and who, veritable locusts, eat up everything that is to be found, poisoning the atmosphere in return for the food and nourishment they receive, with villainous odors, in the shape of compositions that subvert good taste and lay the seeds of musical disease and ruin. The same kind of clique of small Germans infests New York and Boston; and if the Yankee professors do not bestir themselves they will soon find, to their cost, that a foreigner who knows little or nothing will be able to make his way where a Fry, a Bristow, or even a Lowell Mason of "world-wide reputation" (see advertisement sheet of *New York Musical World*,) may starve, or something near it. The case is scarcely worse here, in England, than it promises to be there, in the States. These "strangers," these Huns of harmony, spring up in all directions, increase and multiply like rabbits, and as ill weeds, grow apace. See how this foreigner, this Drei-Sterner Haudegen (late Plauderein) Præger, this Hammy Professor, whenever he has a chance, administers a sly kick to whatever emanates from a native of that soil which has received him with such hospitality, permitting him to gain an honourable livelihood, while in his own country he would probably not earn enough to enable him to fill his belly with a tolerable meal of *Schinken*. It is not Sims Reeves, an English singer, nor the Academy, an English seminary, alone that our "Haudegen" endeavours to lower in general estimation, but everything English, no matter what. The performance of a symphony by Mr. Lucas at the Philharmonic Concerts offers him an occasion for spitting forth his venom not to be overlooked. See how eagerly he profits by it:—

"Speaking of great mistakes, leads us to think of the fourth concert of the Old Philharmonic Society, the programme of which opened with a MS. symphony in B flat, by Mr. Lucas, one of the directors, and a member of the orchestra, who" (very prudently) "conducted his own work. There are few musical aspirants—not excepting country organists, band-masters of regiments, and even musical village school-masters—who have not, at one time of their life, tried their hand at making a symphony; and no doubt it is alluding to these kind (!) of compositions that the *Musical World* says, that Mr. Lucas's symphony is as good as three-fourths of the symphonies lately written. We grant that, but should have preferred one from the remaining fourth, with ideas, intention, and organic life (!) in it; this work" (which work?) "a long if not great work, reminded us that butter is sold in Spain by the yard—but we do not like music by the yard."

Nevertheless, "music by the yard" is perhaps better than lying by the yard, of which the following is a precious example:—

"The choice of Spohr's *Nonetto* was not calculated to awaken one from that dreamy stupor into which the symphony had put him, as it is mere musical twaddle," (!) "and although Spohr's weak moments are

still" (noch—noch—noch!) "infinitely above some people's, yet there are numerous great works that would in its place have been a boon to the real lover of music. Onslow's overture, *L'Alcalde*, was of a piece with the just named selection."

We must take a little breath—

"Had it not been for the magnificent interpretation of Beethoven's symphony, the reading of which by RICHARD WAGNER, was marvellous for the most soul-felt and inspired conception, we should have fallen asleep" (Good gracious!) "notwithstanding Mad. Novello's singing the great aria from *Fidelio*, which is a sealed book to her, excepting the mere vocalisation of it in the narrowest sense" (of course—Mad. Novello is an Englishwoman), "and Reichardt's 'Pia bianca,' an ineffective song for the concert." (It is Meyerbeer's, not Reichardt's). "The overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*, one of Weber's early and unripe works" (Oh Gemini!—the "books"! "was nevertheless given with such irresistible fire and nuance" (irresistible nuance!) "that it was enthusiastically encored." (Why, then, was *Tannhäuser*, a late and ripe work, by one who does not "stammer," and which was also given with "irresistible nuance," received with such profound indifference?).

Another breath— Allons!

"The more we see of the wonders Wagner works with the orchestra, by forcing them" (the orchestra) "to express what he feels, the more we can only compare it" (the wonders) "to the fable of Prometheus animating insensible beings" (the orchestra—poor fellows!) "with the holy fire. The effect must be heard to be believed possible."

"I believe you, my boy!"—as Mr. Paul Bedford would say. If the Yankee editor would but come to London for the next concert, he might probably find reason to go back to the "Empire City" with the conviction that hearing is unbelieving. The "insensible beings," to a man, are quite insensible to the nuances of the "future," to them, indeed, the "books" are "sealed," as Beethoven's aria is to Mad. Novello. No one, in short, but Professor Drei-Sterner Haudegen (late Plauderein) Præger, (of Hamm) is sufficiently versed in the mysteries of the future "*Kunstwerk*," the true "*Wesen*," the "absolute whole," to be able to fathom what Herr Wagner means—if he means anything, about which we have strong suspicions.

As a pendant to the monstrous adulation of Herr Wagner we find a series of calumnious insinuations directed against ourselves. We can afford, however, to laugh at them, and allow the Hammist locust to spout his froth, like a whale pierced with numberless harpoons, in the last throes of agony. Having harpooned the Professor, we are quite disposed to lend a compassionate ear to his dying protest, although at our own expense.

CRUVELLI IN VERDI'S NEW OPERA.—Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli conquered universal admiration. All her efforts were appreciated and applauded—on several occasions the audience was electrified by the tones of her magnificent voice, which realises with equal effect those high inspirations that demand passion, force, and impulse, and those tender passages that require delicacy, taste, and a thorough knowledge of the art of singing. No one could reproach Mlle. Cruvelli with exaggeration, so well did she know how to restrain her ardent nature. Every one must hear her sing the romance of the fourth act, the *bolero* of the fifth, and the final *trio*, in which she gives out accents so profoundly dramatic—every one must see her play the character of *Hélène*, in which the expression of her countenance is so varied and so eloquent. Never has she enjoyed so great an opportunity of displaying the manifold resources of her rich organisation. The *Vêpres Siciliennes* is a great triumph for Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli.—(*Le Pays—Journal de l'Empire*.)

THE ANNA THILLON TOUR.—Mr. Case is negotiating with his provincial correspondents for a tour with a very attractive party, which is to take place in September next. It will consist of Anna Thillon, Augustus Braham, Farquharson, Richardson, and Case.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE Directors' *Matinée* took place on Tuesday with a miscellaneous programme of great interest, though of little novelty. Willis's Rooms were crowded with rank and fashion. No one can envy Mr. Ella his success, since it has been the result of untiring perseverance; nor the Musical Union its prosperity, since its tendency is to elevate the taste of the higher classes and to aid the progress of good music. It is almost enough, on the present occasion, to specify the contents of the programme and add the names of the executants, with a general verdict of unqualified praise both for the music and the performance. The selection was as follows:—

Quartet, in D. No. 63	Haydn.
Quintet, E flat Minor. No. 92	Hummel.
Song, "Laura"	Rastrelli.
Sonata, Op. 47. Piano and violin	Beethoven.
Solo. Violoncello. (MS.)	Marino Faliero
Song, "O! Who can guess my emotion"	Mendelssohn.
Trio. (Scherzo, Trio, and Finale) E minor. Op. 119	Spohr.
Solo. Contrabasso. <i>La Sonnambula</i>	Bottesini.

The executants were Herr Ernst and Mr. Cooper (first and second violins), Mr. Hill (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello)—an unsurpassable quartet—M. Charles Hallé (pianoforte), and Signor Bottesini (double-bass). The quartet and quintet went to perfection. The last is one of Hummel's best pianoforte works. The three movements from Spohr's first pianoforte trio were equally happy. M. Hallé was in his finest play. One of the grandest performances of the concert was that of the same pianist and Herr Ernst in the *Andante* and last movement of Beethoven's renowned sonata dedicated to Kreutzer. Another equally remarkable, though of a different class, was the double-bass solo of Signor Bottesini, a prodigy of execution and taste.

Herr Reichardt's singing formed a most agreeable contrast to the instrumental pieces. Rastrelli's "Laura" (who is Rastrelli!) is a good song in its way; but that of Mendelssohn, which Herr Reichardt sang with perfect sentiment, is an inspiration.

Signor Fiori played the accompaniments both to the solos and vocal pieces very well.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—The annual entertainment provided by Mr. Benedict for his numerous patrons, came off on Friday afternoon (the 14th instant), as of late years, at the Royal Italian Opera, of which establishment the whole *personnel* (band, chorus, and principal singers), excepting Mr. Costa, had been engaged. The duties of *chef-d'orchestre* were sustained by Mr. Benedict himself, assisted by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The band had not a great deal allotted to it, the overture to *Oberon*, the march from the *Prophète*, and Mr. Benedict's overture to *The Tempest*, being the only orchestral pieces in the programme. Among the most important and interesting features of the concert, was a selection from the works of Mr. Benedict, comprising "Andante and Rondeau for pianoforte," two part-songs for female voices, ballad from the opera of the *Gipsy's Warning*, a new Tyrolienne, and the overture last named. The overture to *The Tempest*, the part-songs and the Tyrolienne were heard for the first time in London, although the overture was played with great success at the Norwich Festival last year. Mr. Benedict should have introduced it to his metropolitan friends long ago. It is worthy of his reputation, being highly characteristic and dramatic. A better performance could not have been desired, Mr. Benedict directing the orchestra. The "Andante and Rondeau," which is brilliant and graceful, was played to perfection by the composer. Madame Rudersdorff sang the popular ballad, "Scenes of my youth" (*Gipsy's Warning*), with much expression. The part-songs—"The forest home," and "The warbler of the forest"—both genuine specimens of what might be termed "woodland melody," and both inimitably sung by Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot, and Dolby—were unanimously encored. The Tyrolienne, called "Il Tramonto"—a cheerful exhilarating "mountain" air—was exquisitely sung by Madame Bosio, and applauded with fervour. The rest of the concert consisted of a long and well-varied programme, in which all the celebrated singers of Covent-Garden lent their assistance.

There were more than thirty pieces, and several encores. Signor Mario was encored in "Angiol d'Amore;" the same compliment was paid to the quintet from *Così fan Tutte*, "Di scrivermi ogni giorno," sung by Mesdames Grisi and Bosio, and Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache, and to Mdlle. Jenny Ney, Miss Dolby, Signors Gardoni and Belletti in the quartet, with chorus, "Alziam gli erviva," from *Euryanthe*. A fine performance of a Duo Concertante for clarinet and contra-basso—the composition of Bottesini—by the composer and Signor Belletti, demands especial notice; and as a curiosity may be mentioned a piece for four performers on two pianos, composed by M. Ascher, pianist to the Empress of the French, entitled "Andante and Allegro Marziale." This was played with dashing effect by the author, with Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Paner, and Mr. Benedict as co-operators. The chorus had nothing assigned to it but the well-known prayer from *Masaniello*. The theatre was crowded in every part by a fashionable and distinguished audience, such a one, indeed, as only Mr. Benedict can bring together; and the concert, long as it was, (upwards of four hours in duration) seemed to please so universally that the majority of those present, it may be safely surmised, could willingly have sat through another of the same dimensions before going home to dinner.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—A numerous and fashionable audience assembled at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, on the occasion of the morning concert given by the talented composer and pianist, Mr. Aguilar. The programme was remarkable for variety and interest. Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in G (Op. 29), and Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* were among the "classical" pieces. The sonata was executed, from memory, with great ability, by Mr. Aguilar—who, this year, is playing better than ever; while the popular *Andante and Rondo* exhibited in the most satisfactory manner the force and brilliancy of his execution. Not the least interesting features of the concert were certain contributions from the pen of Mr. Aguilar himself. These comprised a *trio* for pianoforte, two vocal ballads, and a serenade. The *trio* has been played before in public. It is a work of high pretension, and displays invention no less than the experience of a thoroughly practised musician. The first movement—an *allegro*, full of vigour and animation—is perhaps the best, although the graceful melody of the *adagio cantabile*, and the vivacity of the last movement cannot fail to be admired. The *trio* was admirably played by the composer, Herr Ernst, and Signor Piatti, and received with loud applause. The concert-solo for the flute was written expressly for Mr. Pratten, whose performance was worthy of his reputation. The many effective passages for the instrument, and the pleasing character of the *motivi*, must recommend this composition to all amateurs of the flute. The "Bolero," an elegant and well-written bagatelle, was capitally played by Mr. Aguilar, and much applauded. The two ballads are called "Annie," and "Sing on ye little birds." The first—charmingly unaffected—was sung very prettily by Madame Ferrari; the second, more plaintive and expressive, was done every justice to by Sig. Ciabatta. The serenade, "The stars are brightly beaming," which has greater pretensions than any of the ballads, was well sung by Mr. Miranda. One of the best things in the concert was Herr Ernst's performance of his own exquisite "Nocturne Sentimentale," which was redeemed by the whole audience, and repeated. The vocal music—in addition to that already mentioned—was assigned to Mdlle. Anna Bockholtz, Mad. and Sig. Ferrari. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied the vocal music with ability.

MISS ANICHINI'S CONCERT.—This annual *fête* came off on Monday morning, the 11th instant, at Granard Lodge, Roehampton, the seat of Lady Vassall Webster. Miss Anichini, who is singing still better than last year, provided for her patrons—among whom she counts a long list of rank and fashion—a most excellent programme, and was assisted by the following artists:—vocalists—Miss Alleyne, Mesdames Gassier, Amedei, De Luigi, Messrs. Gassier, Burdini, Signors Pettini, Ciabatta, Gardoni, and Belletti; instrumentalists—Signor Piatti (violoncello), W. R. S. Pratten (flute), and M. Ascher (pianoforte). MM. Vera, Pilotti, and Benedict, were conductors. The weather was glorious, the company numerous and brilliant.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S SECOND MATINEE.—To conciliate such two widely-separated divisions of the public as the lovers of classical and popular music is not easy. Mrs. John Macfarren, however, is successful in her endeavours to please both the uninitiated and the connoisseurs. The programme of her last concert—at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Saturday morning—comprised Mozart's quartet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, executed by Mrs. John Macfarren, Messrs. Watson, Clementi, and Aylward; Beethoven's pianoforte and violin sonata in G (Op. 30), by Mrs. John Macfarren and Herr Ernst; and Mendelssohn's *Andante con variazioni* (Op. 83, posthumous works, No. 2), for two performers on one pianoforte, played by Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett. These all went well, particularly the two last. Ernst, the incomparable violinist, could hardly have met with a more earnest and intelligent partner in the glorious sonata of Beethoven than Mrs. John Macfarren, who played her very best. Mendelssohn's posthumous work was originally composed for one performer, but subsequently arranged for two, and performed by the author and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, at a concert given by the latter, in 1844. The theme is lovely, and the variations are ingenious and fanciful. It was admirably played. Mrs. John Macfarren's solos were Thalberg's fantasia on *L'Esprit d'Amore*, Dohler's "Nocturne," and Prudent's "Le Réveil des Fées," in which her more strictly mechanical dexterity was demonstrated to advantage. Mrs. Macfarren has made good use of her time since last year, and has greatly improved. Ernst played two of his "fugitive" pieces—"Allegretto" and "Notturmo"—in his most finished manner. We have no objection now and then to see Ernst in a comparatively careless mood, as we like to hear Mario, now and then, when indifferent whether he sings absolutely well or so so. On the present occasion, however, Ernst was in one of his most serious moods; and, like Curran's Irishman, "he hadn't a single fault to recommend him." The vocal music was for the most part good. Mr. Miranda has a pleasing voice, and sings with taste. "Il mio tesoro," however, is at present beyond his means. "Una furtiva lagrima," or "Angiol d'amore," would have been better. Mdle. Jenny Bauer gave an expressive reading of Mozart's "Deh vieni, non tardar;" Mr. Weiss delivered his own song, "The Village Blacksmith," famously; and Miss Stabbach sang in her most charming manner Schubert's "Margaret at the spinning-wheel" and "Sweet Home." Mdle. Jenny Bauer also introduced Mr. G. A. Macfarren's graceful song "Far over the sea," which she sang with great animation. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.

HERR CARL DEICHMANN gave his Annual Morning Concert, on Saturday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The vocalists were Mdme. Clara Novello, Mdle. Emile Krall, Sig. Bianchi, and Signor Belletti; the instrumentalists—(pianoforte) Herr Ad. Schloesser and Herr Ernest Pauer, (violin) Messrs. Rees and Deichmann, (viola) Mr. Vogel, (violoncello) Messrs. Paque and Haussmann; and the conductors Messrs. F. E. Bache and Francesco Berger. Herr Deichmann, who has been known in London for some time as a violinist of merit, must be praised for his musician-like performance in a clever quartet for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, by Kufferath, a *fantaisie caprice*, by Vieuxtemps, and the *andante* and *finale* of Mendelssohn's concerto (the orchestral accompaniments to which were played by stringed instruments and pianoforte), which last was also the best. The applause at the conclusion was as warm as it was well deserved. Herr Deichmann also played a *fantaisie humoristique*, of his own composition, which abounds in difficult passages and is very effective for the instrument. Mr. Haussmann played a violoncello *fantaisie* on Scotch airs with his usual success; and the pianoforte solos performed by Herr Pauer (a *lied ohne worte* of Mendelssohn, and an *étude* by Taubert) were greatly admired. Mdme. Novello, in a duet from Paer's *Agnese* with Sig. Belletti, was much applauded, and in a *romanza*, by Schimon, "Lidi Amate," was encored. Mdle. Emile Krall made a favorable impression in a popular air by Lachner, accompanied on the violoncello by M. Paque, and a duet from Hadyn's *Creation*, with Signor Bianchi, who has a good barytone voice. The concert altogether gave satisfaction. The Duchess

of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and a host of "fashionables" were present.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR KÜHE.—These well-known professors gave their annual concert together, on the morning of the 11th instant, before a crowded and fashionable audience. Herr Kühe, as a pianist and a teacher of the piano, has attained a high position in this country, to which his talent and industry have justly entitled him. He played several times in the course of the concert, among other things, a clever fantasia, of his own composition, on airs from *L'Étoile du Nord*, and a brilliant "Étude de Concert," besides Prudent's pretty Caprice, called "Les Nalades." Herr Kühe is a sound pianist, and each of these pieces displayed his powers to great advantage, though the more seriously inclined among the audience admired his playing still more in a trio of Beethoven, in which he was assisted by Herr Ernst and M. Paque, and the performance of which was wholly unexceptionable. Madame Bassano—long known and esteemed as one of our best concert contraltos—sang Beethoven's beautiful air, "In questa tomba," remarkably well, besides the ballad "Far away," and the pretty duet by Campana, "Una sera d'Amore," with her sister, Miss Theresa Bassano, a young and promising, though very nervous aspirant. The rest of the programme comprised an almost interminable series of well-known vocal pieces, in which, besides the concert-giver and her sister, Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss, Miss Stabbach, M. and Mad. Gassier, Madlle. Emile Krall, Herren Reichardt and Formes and Mr. Weiss, took part. There was also a violoncello solo by M. Paque, a harp solo by Mr. John Thomas, and a fiddle solo by Herr Ernst, all good in their way, the last especially. The conductors and accompanists were Messrs. Gollmick, Berger, Lehmeier, and Kühe. The concert gave great satisfaction.

MR. H. C. COOPER'S FOURTH AND LAST SOIRÉE came off at the New Beethoven Rooms last evening. The instrumentalists, were Messrs. Salaman and H. Baumer (piano), Messrs. Cooper and Kreutzer (violin), Mr. Webb (viola), and Herr Hausmann (violoncello); the vocalists, Miss Milner, Messrs. Benson and Frank Bodda. The chief pieces were quartet in E flat (Mendelssohn), No. 3, op. 44; quartet in C minor (Beethoven), No. 4; Kreutzer Sonata (Beethoven); and duet in E minor (Spohr), for violin and tenor. The vocal selection was good, and the performance generally unexceptionable.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS OF M. CHARLES HALLÉ.—At the first of these introductory performances on the 31st ult., M. Hallé introduced the following pieces:—Sonata, in A, Op. 2, No. 2, Beethoven; *fantaisie chromatique* and *fugue*, Bach; variations in A major, Mozart; sonata in E minor, Op. 90, Beethoven; presto scherzando in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn; and studies in A flat, F minor, and G flat, Chopin. At the second (on the 15th inst.) he performed the sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven; adagio in E, and finale scherzo in A flat, from Op. 71, Dussek; rondo andante, in A minor, Mozart; grand sonata, in E flat, Op. 81, (*Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour*), Beethoven; serenade, in C sharp minor, Op. 56, Heller; some *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; and *Berceuse*, in D flat, Op. 57, and mazurkas of Chopin. The whole of Dussek's sonata might have been given. The best movement (the minuet and trio) and the most elaborate (the first *allegro*) should not have been omitted. Stephen Heller's serenade was extremely interesting. Let us recommend to M. Hallé the *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand*, Dussek's best work. The "Recitals," which take place at M. Hallé's residence in Belgravia, are, as they deserve to be, eminently successful. Here, perhaps, is the proper place to add that M. Hallé has been appointed teacher of the pianoforte to the royal children, in the place of Mrs. Anderson, who, we understand, is about to retire into private life. In consequence of this enviable distinction, our Manchester friends will regret to know that M. Hallé will be compelled to reside altogether in the metropolis.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—The annual concert of this society took place on Monday, as usual, at the Hanover-square Rooms, in presence of a crowded audience.

EMS.—Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt and her husband intend passing a short time in this beautiful and secluded watering-place on the banks of the Lahn.

M. PAQUE'S SOIREE.—M. Paque, the violoncellist, gave a concert at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were Misses Stabbach and Smith, Mdle. Emile Krall, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Messrs. Seymour, Burdini, and Bottura; the instrumentalists, M. Sainton (violin), Master Arthur Napoleon (pianoforte), and Signor Piatti, M. Paque, Herren Hausmann and Engelcke (violoncello). The audience, mostly composed of ladies, were more attentive than enthusiastic (of course). The best performances of the evening were a solo on the violin, composed and executed by M. Sainton; Mercadante's quartet for four violoncellos, called "La Poesia;" and M. Paque's fantasia, "Hommage à Bellini," played by the composer. The quartet went wonderfully well, but is more curious than anything else. The audience, no doubt, would have preferred a solo from Signor Piatti. Master Arthur Napoleon's performance of Thalberg's fantasia on *La Straniera* showed much cleverness, but we were sorry to hear him play such rubbish. Among the vocal pieces was "Kathleen Mavourneen," admirably sung by Miss Stabbach. The conductors were Messrs. Maurice Levy, Schloesser, Ganz, and Berger.

A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, by pupils of Mr. W. Dorrell, took place at the residence of that talented professor (4, Nottingham-place), on Thursday morning. The pupils were all ladies, excepting one, Mr. Baumer, who formerly studied under Mr. Dorrell at the Royal Academy of Music. The pianoforte pieces in the programme were Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* in E minor; *Deux Etudes*, by C. Mayer; a sonatina of Weber, with violin; a *Largo and Allegretto* from one of Mozart's sonatas for piano and violin; Pauer's *Cascade*, and Weber's *Polacca Brillante*. The pieces most applauded were Mozart's *Largo and Allegretto*, Pauer's *Cascade*, and Weber's *Polacca*. The programme was varied by two vocal pieces, and Mr. Blagrove played a solo on the violin between the parts. Mr. Redfearn sang "Adelaida," and Misses Whyte and Spiller, "Sull' aria." At the end of the performance, Mr. W. Dorrell and Mr. Blagrove played in a masterly manner a duet for pianoforte and violin. The friends of the pupils mustered in numbers, and the rooms were well filled. The performances afforded universal satisfaction, and the remarkable proficiency of the pupils speaks highly in favour of Mr. Dorrell's method of instruction.

MR. AND MADAME R. S. PRATTEN gave a *matinée musicale* on Tuesday, the 19th, at the residence of Lady John Somerset, 13, Eccleston-square, under the patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington, Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton, the Marchioness of Ailsbury, the Marchioness of Hastings, the Marchioness of Ely, etc., etc. They were assisted by Mad. Anichini, Mdle. Emile Krall, Miss Dolby, Miss Fanny Rowland, and Sig. Beletti, as vocalists; and Mr. F. Edward Bache as solo-pianist. Madame Pratten played two solos on the guitar—"Lord Raglan's March" and Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise"—which appeared to afford much satisfaction. She also performed a new fantasia from *Les Huguenots*, on the concertina, written expressly for Lady John Somerset by Mr. R. Sidney Pratten. Mr. Edward Bache presided at the pianoforte.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The chamber performances in the interior of the institution are proceeding successfully. On Tuesday morning, Spohr's charming opera, *Azor and Zemira*—so successful at Covent Garden many years ago, with Miss Inverarity and the Misses Cawse, etc.—was performed entire, to the great entertainment of the friends and well-wishers of the students. The following was the distribution of the *dramatis personæ*:—

Zemira	Miss Whyte and Miss Spiller.
Fatima	Miss Banks and Miss Wilkinson.
Leobia	Miss Mackenzie and Miss Wilkinson.
Azor	Mr. Peed.
Ali	Mr. Walter Bolton.
Scander	Mr. Wallworth and Mr. G. Dolby.
Saggarah	Miss Fosbrooke.
Ulin	Master Isaac.
Negromont	Mr. G. Dolby.

The execution was, for the most part, very creditable, and the charming little song, "Rose softly blooming"—the sister ear-ring to "Voi che sapete"—was very well sung by Miss Whyte, and encored.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Orchestral Members, held on Monday, June 4th, 1855, at the Hanover-square Rooms, Lord Gerald Fitz-Gerald in the chair, the following resolutions were agreed to:—"That Mr. Henry Leslie be requested to act as conductor in 1855-6, and that the cordial and sincere thanks of this meeting be offered to him for his valuable services during the past season." "That the committee of management be increased, and the following gentlemen shall form the committee for the ensuing season: The Lord Gerald Fitz-Gerald, Mr. Edward Jekyll, Colonel F. W. Hamilton, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. S. W. Waly, Mr. Alfred A. Pollock, Mr. Henry E. Tatham, Mr. Bonamy Dobree, jun., Lieut.-Col. Patrick Paget, and M. Augustus Oliver Massey." "That Mr. John D. Pawle, and Mr. Charles Sparrow be requested to act as auditors of accounts in the ensuing season." "That Mr. Val. Morris and Mr. Alexander Leslie be requested to act as managers of the orchestra." "That no person conduct at the concerts of the Society, excepting the conductor chosen by the members, unless at the invitation of the committee." "That there be eight weekly preliminary meetings of the Society in the Hanover-square Rooms, commencing on Monday, October 29th, 1855, and ending Monday, December 16th, 1855, two of which shall be concerts of the Society." "That the thanks of the Society be given to Mr. Thomas Martin, for the handsome manner in which he has met the views of the Society." "That the thanks of the meeting be given to Lord Gerald Fitz-Gerald, for his courteous and able conduct in the chair."

PROPOSED TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.—It being proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the late Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, the friends of the lamented composer, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to aid by their contributions the accomplishment of this object; and the committee appointed to superintend the arrangements, consisting of Sir George Smart, Mr. Mitchel, Dr. Daniels, and Mr. Addison, earnestly hope this appeal will not fail to secure the erection of a suitable record in honour of one who by his skill in his profession earned extended fame and spread deep gratification through a wide circle. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Boosey and Sons, at the office of *The Musical World*, 28, Holles-street.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The first concert of the "Musical Debutants Society" took place at the above locality on Monday evening. This society has been recently established with the object of bringing forward young artists. No doubt, as the programme avers, "great difficulty besets the musical student in coming before the public"—unless lucky enough to have an influential master. The "Debutants Society" will give every singer and every player a chance, and who knows, but from the East may arise a new star, in whose radiance all the western luminaries will be lost! The names of the artists on Monday evening, were almost all unknown; the vocalists were Misses Annie Seyfried, Kathleen Carter, Annie West and Emily Macnamara, and Messrs. G. B. Allen, G. T. Hartley, E. West, H. Russell, R. S. Jones, and R. Pearson; the instrumentalists—Miss Kate Delany (pianoforte), Herr Borschitzky (violin), and Herr Schreiner (flute). Mr. Edwin West was conductor. The concert, in general, passed off well, but we should advise the directors to avoid in future overtures arranged for piano, violin, and flute, since such performances must tend to throw discredit on an institution which has a good aim, and deserves success.

STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. Bull's evening concert took place at the Talbot Hotel Assembly Room, on Tuesday last. Notwithstanding the popularity of the *beneficiaire* in Stourbridge, the attendance was small, and, like the weather just past, colder than Christmas. Nothing daunted, however, at the coldness of the audience, or the preference shown by the good townfolk for Mr. Bunn's exhibition of "Squibs and Crackers" at Dudley Castle, Mrs. Bull sang in her best manner, and deserved loud applause, if she did not obtain it. She was assisted by Mrs. John Hayward, who was encored in the ballad "I cannot mind my wheel;" Mr. Baker, who sang "My pretty Jane," with great taste; Mr. Pursall, who gave a song entitled "The Sailor's

grave," in a style worthy of a better composition; and Mr. Thomas, the possessor of a good bass voice, which he evidently knows how to use. The last-named artist sang "Largo al factotum," with much spirit, but it failed to elicit the slightest notice. Rossini is not in high feather at Stourbridge. The concerted music went well, particularly Müller's quartet "Spring's delights," which was encored. Mr. John Cheshire's harp performances were entitled to praise. His second solo, *La Danse des Fées*, was encored. Mr. J. A. Baker acted as conductor and accompanist.

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera, Mdlle. Tietjens has appeared in *Les Huguenots* and *Martha* to full houses, in spite of the warm weather which generally empties the theatre at this time of year. A young pianist, Mdlle. Natalina Villa, from Milan, made her *début* before a Berlin public at a *matinée musicale* given by Herr Bock. She has promise, but that is all. On the representation of Herr von Hülsen, intendant of the theatres royal, the King has increased the salaries of the subordinate members of the orchestra, chorus, etc., at the Opera-House. A series of concerts, similar to those of last year, will be given this season, for the benefit of retired members of the military bands, their widows and children. All the regiments at present in Berlin will lend their assistance.

DÜSSELDORF.—The committee of the recent musical festival, have presented Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who gave her services gratuitously, with an album, embellished by Herr Schrödter. The goddess of the Rhine, Lorelei, is portrayed giving her harp to Madame Goldschmidt, who is reclining on a cloud. Around the margin are the Knight of the Swan, scenes from the *Creation* and *Paradies und die Peri*, busts of Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other celebrated masters. At the head of the page are the arms of the three Rhine cities—Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Aix-la-Chapelle—where the festival is held alternately, and, at the foot, a view of Düsseldorf.

MAGDEBURG.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the *Provincial Liedertafel* went off with *éclat* on the 2nd and 3rd instant. The *Singvereine* of Berlin, Halle, Barby, Zerbst, Dessau, and Köthen, amounting to about 280 persons, assisted. The principal solo singers were Herren Böttcher and Von den Osten.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp, to avoid a double postage being charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL—(Voice, Contralto), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131B, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had for the above instruments.

MISS E. STEELE, Vocalist (Soprano), begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 3, Royal Oak-terrace, Westbourne-grove.

MASTER ARTHUR NAPOLEON'S (the celebrated Portuguese Pianist) **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 29, 1855, to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Gassier, Mdlle. Krall, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Signor Bettini, Mr. Seymour, Signor Bottura, and M. Gassier. Pianoforte—Master Arthur Napoleon. Harp, Mdlle. Louise Christine; violin, Mr. Kettenus; violoncello, M. Pague. Conductors, Signor Campana and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Master Arthur Napoleon will perform, in the course of the concert, Beethoven's Sonata Pastorale, a Grand Concertante Duet with M. Kettenus, Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, and Thalberg's *Mosé in Egitto*.—Stalls, half-a-guinea; tickets, 7s. each; may be had at all the principal music warehouses, and of Master Arthur Napoleon, 30, Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park.

BIOGRAPHY.—The Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical view of his Compositions, translated from the German of J. N. Forkel, author of "The Complete History of Music," &c. Price 4s. in boards. The above is a very valuable and instructive piece of musical biography, exhibiting, as it does, in a most striking manner, the result of great and original genius when united with untiring patience and perseverance. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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HEINRICH WERNER begs to announce that he will give his **GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Saturday, June 30th, assisted by eminent artists. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had at the principal music warehouses and libraries, and of Heinrich Werner, 17, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street.

MR. W. H. ADAMS, Pianiste (Pupil of Wm. Sterndale Bennett), and Organist of St. James's Church, Bernwood-street. Terms for tuition moderate, and references unexceptionable. Address, 24, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater.

MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. Prince Albert, Patron.—Tuesday, June 26th, Half-past Three, Willie's Rooms. Quartet, E flat, Op. 50.—Spohr. Sonata, Piano and Violin, in F.—Beethoven. Quartet, No. 7, E minor, Op. 69.—Beethoven. Solos, Pianoforte. Artists—Ernst (his last performance this season), Cooper, Hill, and Platti; Pianoforte, Mrs. Joseph Robinson (from Dublin). Visitors' Tickets to be had of Cramer and Co., Chappell and Oliver, Bond-street. The eighth and last *Matinée* will take place July 10th. J. ELLA, Director.

BARON CELLI'S MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, the 27th June, at Willis's Rooms, to commence at Three o'clock.

REGONDI'S NEW MUSIC for CONCERTINA and PIANO, admirably arranged for amateurs. *Les Huguenots*, four numbers, 3s. each. Robert le Diable, three, 3s. each. Puritani, two, 4s. each. Lucia, two, 4s. each. Ernani, three, 3s. each. Rigoletto, three, 3s. each. Sonnambula, six numbers, 3s. each.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LECTURE HALL, CROYDON.—Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL has the honour to announce that he will give an **EVENING PERFORMANCE** of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music on Wednesday, June 27, 1855.—Vocalist: Madame Clara Novello.—Concertina and Guitar: Signor Giulio Regondi.—Violin: Herr Goëricke.—Violoncello: M. Pague.—Pianoforte: Mr. George Russell. Prices of admission: Stalls, 7s.; Boxes, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s., to be obtained of Mr. Thomas Weller, Music-seller, 2, High-street, Croydon.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THURLOW. Including Messrs. Barrett, Lazarus, Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prospre, Mount, Mann, Cioffi, Zeiss, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Alfred Mellon respectfully announces that the last Orchestral Union Concert this season will take place at the above Hall, on Friday evening, July 6. Vocalists—Mdlle. Emilie Krall, Miss Doby, and Sig. Bianchi. Soloists—M. Alexander Billet, Mr. F. Edward Roche, M. Sainton, and Bottesini. Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon. Stalls, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Area, 1s.; to be had at all the music shops, and of Mr. Mellon, 134, Long-acre.

PROGRAMME OF SIGNOR MARRAS' GRANDE

MATINEE MUSICALE, on Monday, June 25th, 1855, at Three o'clock, at the Pavillon, Hans-place, Belgravia, late residence of Sir Francis Stuckburgh, Bart. The concert will be honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Introduction—"La Luna, il Sol, le Stelle" (Puritani), Mad. Gassier, Signor Marras, Signor Bottura, and Signor Gassier—Bellini, Grande Fantasia Harpe—Mdlle. Louise Christine—Oberthur. Romance—"Oh! jours heureux" (L'Etoile du Nord), Signor Belletti—Meyerbeer. Canzone—"Stride la vampa" (Trovatore), Signor Birch—Verdi. Rondo et Caprice—Solo Pianoforte, Mdlle. Speyer—Mendelssohn. Romanza e Barcarola—"La desolazione," "Or che in cielo" (by desire), Signor Marras—Lillo, Donizetti. Ariet—"Ah non creda" (Sonnambula), Mad. Gassier—Bellini. Tre Pensieri—"Bolero," Signor Belletti—"Duetto," Miss Birch and Miss Katherine Smith—"Melodia," Signor Marras (first time), Marras. Duetto—"Tota de los Toreros," Signor and Mad. Gassier—Indrler. Melodia—"Dolizia," Miss Katherine Smith (first time)—Beethoven. Quartetto—"Bella figlia dell'amore" (Rigoletto), Mad. Gassier, Mad. Bassano, Signor Marras, and Signor Gassier—Verdi. Fantasia—Solo Contrabasso, Signor Bottesini—Bottisini. Terzetto—"La scena e un mare instabile" (Scaramucchi), Signor Belletti, Signor Gassier, and Signor Marras—Ricci. Cavatina—"Tacea la notte" (Trovatore), Mad. Lucia Escott—Verdi. Morceaux de Concert—Solo Concertina, "Les Oiseaux," Signor Giulio Regondi—G. Regondi. Ariet—"In questa tomba oscura," Mad. Bassano—Beethoven. Canzone Napolitane—Signor Marras. Ariet—"Non più andrai" (Nozze di Figaro), Signor Bottura—Mozart. Chanson Andalouse—"La Jaca de Torcio pelo," Mad. Gassier—Indrler. Duetto et Terzetto—"Si la stanchezza" (Trovatore), Mad. Lucia Escott, Mad. de Luigi, and Signor Marras—Verdi. Finale—"So mai più vedrò in vita" (Giulietta e Romeo), Tutti—Bellini. At the pianoforte, Signor Pilotti and Signor Campana. Reserved seats, One Guinea. To be had of Signor Marras, 2, Kensington-gore; and at Messrs. Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street.

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